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shaking the ægis, on which appeared, not the Gorgon's, but my poor friend's blackened countenance, before me, and asking, 'Why did you do this?' froze up my faculties, and converted my outward seeming into stone; but within, there was a foretaste of the eternal torments.

Involuntarily I called upon his name; the sound of my own voice started me, arousing me to a sense of keener anguish; and I was about to break forth into some violent extravagance, when my unfortunate friend opened his eyes, and, looking at me with kindness, said, 'M—, you did not do it; my pistol burst and has hurt me—take me into the house—I'm sober enough now.'

Upon examination it was discovered that a piece of the pistol barrel had hit him above the forehead, cutting a path through his scalp; one of his fingers was broken, and his hand and arm were severely contused, but he seemed to think nothing of it, but desired one of the men to go for old Biddy Hoolaghan, a celebrated doctress, and the rest of them to catch Rainbow. I refused to leave him in his then present condition, of which I was the unlucky cause, but he would not hear of my stopping. 'No, no,' said he, 'your business cannot be neglected; and as to fault, we may divide the matter between us, and bear each his own share. If I did not make the ridiculous rule, that a bottle of whisky once opened should be finished at once, I would not have drunk after you left me, but have gone to bed at once; in which case I'd have known your voice, and all would have been right. And if you were not so lazy as to object to a morning ride (which you must take after all), you'd have staid where you were, and saved all the mischief. But, at all events, remember for the rest of your days that 'the longest way round is often the shortest way home.'

Rainbow was caught at length. Ahern lent me a bridle, and at four o'clock I faced the road again, and arrived at Cloyne, without further adventure, at five, thoroughly soaked with the rain, which commenced heavily soon after my second departure, and for which I was thankful, as it partially cleansed me from the ditch mud, and accounted for my dripping and soiled state when I made my appearance before the earl, which I was obliged to do, without changing my dress, at half past five."

NAISI.

CHARACTER OF O'DONNELL, PRINCE OF TYRCONNELL IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the MS. Annals of the Four Masters, translated by Mr O'DONOVAN.)

A.D. 1537. In this year died O'Donnell (Hugh, son of Hugh Roe, who was son of Niall Garve, who was son of Torlogh of the Wine), Lord of Tyrconnell, Inishowen, Kinel-Moen,* Fermanagh, and Lower Connaught; a man to whom rents and tributes had been paid by the people of other territories over which he had acquired dominion and jurisdiction, such as Moylorg, Machaire-Chonnacht, Clann-Conway, Costello, Gallen, Tirawly, and Conmaicne-Cuille, to the west, and Oireacht-UI-Chatthain (the patrimony of O'Kane), the Route, and Clannaboy, to the east; for of all these there was not one territory that had not given him pledges for the payment of his tribute of protection. It was this man who had compelled the four lords who ruled Tyrone in his lifetime, to give him new charters of Inishowen, Kinel-Moen, and Fermanagh, by way of confirmations of the ancient charters which his ancestors had held in proof of their right to govern these countries; and this he had done, in order that he might peaceably enjoy jurisdiction over them, and have authority to summon their forces into the field when he wanted them. Neither in all this is there anything to be wondered at, for never had victory been seen with his enemies—never had he retreated one foot from any army, whether small or numerous; he had been distinguished as an abolisher of evil customs, and a restrainer of evil deeds, a destroyer and banisher of rebels and plunderers, and a rigid enforcer of the Irish laws and ordinances after the strictest and most upright manner; he was a man in whose reign the seasons had been favourable, so that both sea and land had been profusely productive while he continued on the throne;† a man

who had established every person in his country in his rightful hereditary possessions, to the end that no one of them might bear enmity to another; a man who had not suffered the power of the English to come into his country, for he had formed a league of peace and amity with the King of England so soon as he saw that the Irish would not yield the superiority to any one chief or lord among themselves, but that friends and blood relations fiercely contended against one another; and a man who had carefully protected from harm or violation the Termon-lands (or sanctuaries) belonging to the friars, churchmen, poets, and ollaves.

This O'Donnell (Hugh, son of Hugh Roe) died on the 5th of July, in the year of salvation 1537, being Wednesday, in the monastery of Donegall, having first taken upon him the habit of St Francis, having bewailed his crimes and iniquities, and done penance for his sins and transgressions. He was buried in the same monastery, with all the honour and solemnity which were his due; and Magnus O'Donnell was nominated to succeed him in his place by the successors of St Columbkille [viz. the Abbots of Kilmaecrenan, Raphoe, and Derry], with the permission and by the advice of the nobles of Tyrconnell, both lay and ecclesiastical.

THE HARP.

THE harp was the favourite musical instrument, not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and other northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their laws, and from every passage in their history in which there is the least allusion to music. By the laws of Wales, the possession of a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, that is, a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title, unless he had one of those favourite instruments, and could play upon it.

In the same laws, to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen, were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave.

The harp was in no less estimation and universal use among the Saxons and Danes; those who played upon this instrument were declared gentlemen by law; their persons were esteemed inviolable, and secured from injuries by very severe penalties; they were readily admitted into the highest company, and treated with distinguished marks of respect wherever they appeared.

ANECDOTE OF JEROME DUIGENAN, A HARPER.—Some curious tales are told of Jerome Duigenan, a Leitrim harper, born in the year 1710. One is of so extraordinary a character, that, were it not for the particularity of the details, which savour strongly of an origin in fact, the editor would hesitate to give it publicity. He is, however, persuaded that he has it as it was communicated to O'Neill, between whose time and that of Duigenan there was scarcely room for the invention of a story not substantially true. It is as follows:—"There was a harper," says O'Neill, "before my time, named Jerome Duigenan, not blind, an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and a charming performer. I have heard numerous anecdotes of him. The one that pleased me most was this. He lived with a Colonel Jones, of Drumshambo, who was one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Leitrim. The colonel, being in Dublin, at the meeting of parliament, met with an English nobleman who had brought over a Welsh harper. When the Welshman had played some tunes before the colonel, which he did very well, the nobleman asked him, had he ever heard so sweet a finger? 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'and that by a man who never wears either linen or woollen.' 'I bet you a hundred guineas,' says the nobleman, 'you can't produce any one to excel my Welshman.' The bet was accordingly made, and Duigenan was written to, to come immediately to Dublin, and bring his harp and dress of *Cauthack* with him; that is, a dress made of beaten rushes, with something like a caddy or plaid of the same stuff. On Duigenan's arrival in Dublin, the colonel acquainted the members with the nature of his bet, and they requested that it might be decided in the House of Commons, before business commenced. The two harpers performed before all the members accordingly, and it was unanimously decided in favour of

* Now the barony of Raphoe.

† Cormac, in his instructions to his son Carbery, tells him that "when a worthy prince reigns, the great God sends favourable seasons." It is worthy of remark that, among the oriental nations, the same notion prevails to the present day; and the poets of the East frequently express their anticipations of favourable weather and abundant harvests upon the accession of a peaceable monarch to the throne.

Duigenan, who wore his full *Cauthack* dress, and a cap of the same stuff, shaped like a sugar loaf, with many tassels; he was a tall, handsome man, and looked very well in it."—*Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland.*

THE MOUNTAIN WALK.

BY J. U. U.

From the haunts of busy life,
Homes of care, and paths of strife,
Up the breezy mountain way,
'Mid the upper fields of day,
Let me wander, far and lonely,
Without guide, save nature only;
And still ever as I go,
Lose all thought of things below,
Cast all sorrow to the wind,
While the low vales sink behind:
Fetterless and spirit free
As the merry mountain bee.
Like a spirit, thought and eye
Buoyant between earth and sky.
There to bask in free pure light
On the joyous mountain height;
Dallying with the breeze and shower,
Claiming kin with every flower,
Catching iris dreams that glance
On the breath of circumstance.
Changing with the changeable scene—
Solemn, sombre, gay, serene:
As each change fresh wonders bring,
Weaving thought from every thing.

Oft let shadowy hollows fall,
And grey cliffs' embattled wall
Crown the gloom with hoary height,
Where the raven wheels his flight.
Or green vale unfolding soft,
In the lonesome crags aloft
Shut the far down world from view.
There, long up ether's darkening blue,
The eye may gaze for worlds unseen,
In the skyey void serene,
And weave visions strange and fair,
Of the starry empires there—
Spirits changeless, pure, and bright,
In their glorious vales of light;
Till some wild note break the spell
From sequester'd rural dell
Where the mountain goatherds dwell:
So to break the wild fond dream,
And to man bring down the theme;
For all earthly things impart
Thoughts of Man to human heart.

Then from towery crag on high,
If far city win the eye,
Glittering through the misty air,
'Twere a prospect meet and fair
For the lone sequestered gaze
O'er its wide uncertain maze.
Then to muse on wealth and fame,
And on every specious name
That gilds the dross of earth below,
Till, from reflection, wisdom grow.
Wisdom:—not that sense which cleaveth
To the world where all deceiveth;
Not grave prudence, hard, yet hollow—
In the beaten round to follow
Lengthened aims, in life's short day,
While the ages glide away:—
But that moral, old and sage,
Said and sung in every age;
Old as man—yet ever new,
Heard by all, and known to few:
Murmur of Being's wave, that still,
Unheeded as the babbling rill,
In the world's noise, makes music only
'Midst the hush of deserts lonely.

Last, from o'er the seaward steep,
Let me view the spacious deep,
While the billows break and flow
In the caverned gloom below.

There let cloud and sunbeam flee
O'er the sunned and shadowy sea—
Light and dark in fleeting strife,
Like the vanities of life;
So to dream of joy and woe,
Imaged in the gliding show,
As they come, and as they fly,
To the verge of sea and sky;
So our joys and sorrows flee,
Onward to eternity.
Then away in spirit wrought
By the voluntary thought,
Where the heath is freshly springing,
Where the sky-borne lark is clinging
On mid air with lively song,
Which the echoing cliffs prolong;
O'er wild steep and dreamy hollow,
On, still onward let me follow.
While the airy morn is bright,
While rich noon is at its height,
Till eve fall's with sober grey,
Freely let me roam away.

APOLOGUES AND FABLES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE, FROM THE GERMAN AND OTHER
LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the *Irish Penny Journal*.)

NO. I.—THE DISCONTENTED STONES.

A MASON was one day at work, building a stout wall to protect a garden; nigh him lay a piled-up heap of stones, which he took into his hands in succession, one by one, according as he wanted them. The stones on their part submitted with exemplary quietness to be handled and introduced into their appropriate places; for they were fully aware that the mason's object was to erect a wall, and they knew equally well that that object could not be attained, if they took it into their thick heads to rebel against the principle upon which he was proceeding. At last, however, somewhat to the mason's amusement, it did so happen, after he had accomplished a considerable portion of his task, that one contumacious fellow, upon being laid hold of, began to talk very big upon the rights of stones, and the tyranny of coercing stonekind in general, declaring, that for himself, whether in a wall or out of a wall, he was determined to enjoy that liberty which was the birthright of every stone upon the earth, and that he would sooner be trodden into powder than surrender it.

"I tell you plumply and plainly, Master Mason," said he, "that I will not be subjected to restraint. I must have scope for my energies. I must have room to look about me, and be able to roll to the left side or to the right, as I think proper, like a free agent!"

The mason, on hearing this, could not refrain from laughing. "Truly," said he, "I have lighted here on an eccentric specimen of the stony tribe. So, my good friend, you wish to have room to roll about in—eh?"

"Precisely," returned the other.

"Did you ever hear of the adage, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss'?"

"Yes, and despise it," answered the Stone; "a moss is a token of antiquity; and antiquity and absurdity are synonymous terms in my vocabulary. May heaven defend me from ever gathering moss!"

"Whew!" whistled the mason, in a manner to indicate mingled surprise and contempt. "Pray, what do you take yourself to be?"

"What do I take myself to be! Just a stone—a wall stone—neither more nor less."

"And are you content that I should allot you a position in the wall?"

"Certainly I am."

"And yet," said the mason, "you declare you will not be satisfied to remain under constraint? You must have room forsooth for your energies! Really your inconsistency is most ridiculous. Come; I have no time to lose; tell me at once what you would be at. Will you go into the wall, or shall I deposit you again on the ground?"

"I have made up my mind to oblige you by going into the wall," replied the Stone, with a patronizing air; "but I will